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Northern Messenger

A Wm Bronscombe 230 205

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The Dean and His Visitors.

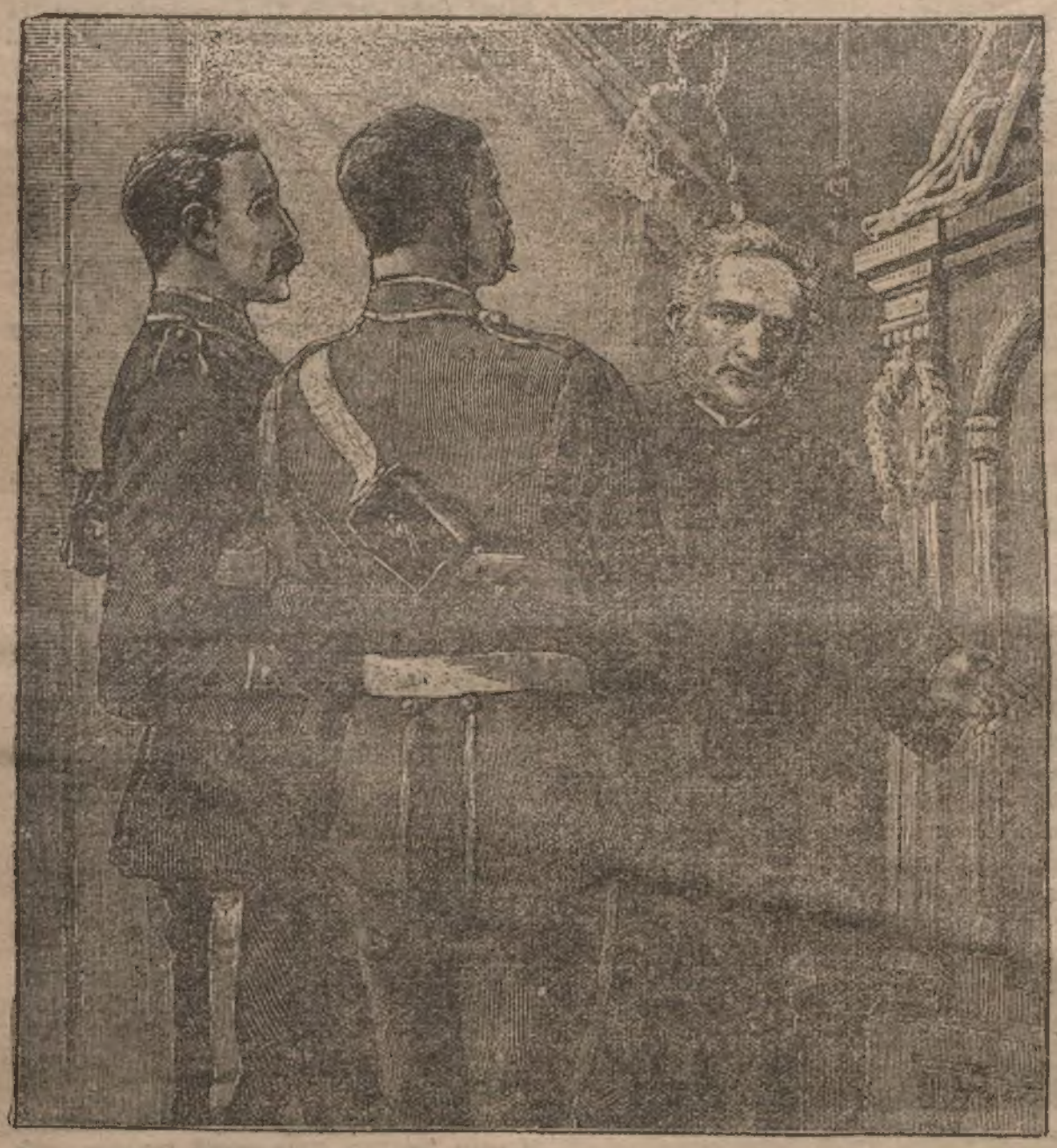
Many years ago two soldiers went to Woolwich from the North of England, for six weeks' artillery practice. At the end of their military exercise they inspected many of the famous places of resort in London before returning to their distant homes. At the close of their sight-seeing day they arrived at the doors of Westminster Abbey in time to see the beadle lock them and turn to walk away.

'What a disappointment!' exclaimed one of them. Immediately a voice behind inquired: 'Would you like to look over the Abbey now?'

Turning to the clergyman who addressed them, the men gratefully expressed their desire. Asking for the keys, their reverend friend at once led the way into the noblest of English churches. He showed them its wonders of statuary and architecture, its honored names and striking inscriptions, and he paused before a great monument erected in memory of one of England's foremost warriors.

'Look,' said the guide, 'at that monument.'

After reading the inscription, he turned to the attentive soldiers and said: 'Now, you may never attain the honor in this world which that general received, and no such monument as this may ever record your heroic deeds; but, friends, if your names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, that will be your best possible memorial.'



'LOOK,' SAID THE GUIDE, 'AT THAT MONUMENT.'

The inspection of the Abbey being over, the men parted with their friend, who made himself known at this stage as the Dean (the late Dean Stanley), and warmly invited them to the early service on the following morning, when he promised that he would again meet them.

The night was spent in some place conveniently near, and at the appointed hour next day the delighted soldiers were again within the Abbey precincts.

They were now treated to the hospitality of the generous Dean, and in parting with them he placed a gift in each man's hand, adding with much fervor, 'Well, friends, we may never again meet on earth, but be sure to have your names written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and we shall meet above.'

Impressed by these last words, and recalling the fact that the Dean had used them on the previous evening, the two privates travelled homeward. On arriving they were greeted as we know a husband or father would be in any happy British home. One of the men soon began to recite his tale of adventure and pleasure, and told his wife about their visit to the Abbey.

'A mighty kind gentleman was the Dean, who showed us all over, but he twice used a sentence which neither of us could make out. He said that we were to take care to get our names written in the Lamb's Book of Life.'

'It reminds me,' said the wife, 'of what my teacher used to tell me in the Sunday-school. I know what he meant by the Lamb's Book of Life.'

'What is it?' asked her husband; and as well as she could the wife explained it.

But the man desired to know much more, and so did did his 'mate' in travel, and the result of their enquiries was that they both became earnest Christian men. 'And now, sir,' one of them exclaimed, after having told the story to a stranger some time later, 'we know that our names, and the names of our wives too, are written in the Lamb's Book of Life.'—'The People's Own Paper.'

A Prominent English Minister to Visit This Country.

The Rev. John H. Ritson, M.A., one of the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who is about to make a tour through the Dominion at the invitation of the Canadian Auxiliaries, is a prominent and interesting figure among the personnel of the religious world in England. Born in 1868, he is still a young man, with presumably his best years of service yet before him. Nevertheless, he has already accomplished work that would do no small credit to man's allotted span of three score years and ten.

In 1900 he was invited by the Committee of the B.F.B.S. to become one of their two general secretaries, and at once entered upon his duties. Here his conspicuous abilities found widened scope in the vast and scholarly work, touching all denominations, in which the Bible Society is engaged. It is an open secret that the universal interest aroused in the recent Bible Centenary, and the phenomenal success of this colossal celebration throughout the world, was largely due in the first place to the foresight and energy which Mr. Ritson and his colleague, the Rev. A. Taylor, M.A., displayed in the organization of what has proved one of the most unique demonstrations that history has ever known. In 1902, Mr. Ritson formed one of the deputation which presented to His Majesty King Edward VII. a handsome Bible as a memento of the Coronation. Mr. Ritson has travelled extensively in the Old World; but this, we believe, is the first time he has visited North America.

Among India's Women.

Several months ago we gave our readers a picture of Pandita Ramabai, whose name is well known to all who concern themselves about our sisters in India. As we give this week a letter from Ramabai herself, it might not be amiss to give a few brief words about her work. Sixteen years ago, she, an educated lady, a high caste Hindu, a widow with one daughter, conceived the idea of opening a school for Hindu child-widows of high caste. Feeling that the wisest way was to make the basis of her school non-religious, she herself, on that platform, secured the help of friends in this country and in India, and was enabled to draw a large number of these unhappy girls into her home at Poona, near Bombay. This school was called the Sharada Sadan, and for fifteen years was carried forward strictly on the original basis of 'no religious teaching,' perfect freedom being allowed to all to exer-

cise their Hindu rites. Ramabai and her daughter, however, have been living their simple, earnest Christian lives all along, and as a result of their example many of the pupils in the school have become Christians. For some years past Ramabai has been feeling that the non-religious basis was no longer the one on which she wished to conduct the school, though it had been already a great blessing to India's women, and about a year ago, the principles of the school were avowedly changed. In the Sharada Sadan Christian teaching and influence are now given their full place. The Association in this country has endorsed the change made by the judgment of the one who knew best the needs and possibilities of the work, and it is gratifying to note that nearly all contributors have shown their willingness to continue their help on the new basis. At the same time, the hope is that devout Christians who felt unable to give money to what was not avowedly a Christian enterprise will now show their approval of the change in practical ways. The school will continue to teach high caste Hindu widows and girls. In addition to this school, six years ago, when the famine was so severe, Ramabai was constrained to take in some three or four hundred waifs, with whom she established a separate school, the 'Mukti' school, to be conducted on a Christian and industrial basis at Kedgaon, about thirty-four miles from Poona. This work has been growing ever since, till now, in the two schools, the girls under Ramabai's care number two thousand. Owing to the presence of the plague in Poona, the Sharada Sadan has had to move to Kedgaon also, and its older pupils have given valuable assistance in the Mukti school; but they may eventually return to their original location in Poona. At either place the entire work of this noble lady is now a definite Christian enterprise, and as it has no denominational connection whatever, will find its sympathizers in all branches of the Christian Church. If, as it is hoped, the Pandita is able to come to America this fall, many will listen to her own account of the mission with eager interest.

The letter we give this week from Ramabai has, however, no reference to her own particular work, but to a Christian medical college for women in North India, to which one or two of her girls have gone as a fitting for larger service after their course in her school. Ramabai's letter was written some time since, and Dr. Condict, as well as Chundrabai, one of Ramabai's old pupils and subsequently one of her teachers, are now in America.

After this resumé of the Kedgaon work, Mrs. Wardlaw's letter needs no introduction. We hope some of our boy readers will enable us to send the 'Messenger' to this lad 'Vishnu.' Such a subscription sent to us would be promptly acknowledged, and in case more than one was sent we would take it to be the wish of the donors to send the paper to some other lad who would equally value it.

Mukti Mission, Kedgaon,
Poona Dist., India.

Dear Friend,—Allow me to introduce to you Dr. Alice Condict, who has been a medical missionary in India for many years. She is going to England to work on behalf of the Luhdiana School of Medicine for Christian Women.

I believe it is the only Medical School of its kind in India, and deserves to be well supported by those people who are specially interested in medical work for India's women.

How I wish to see a school of this kind established in each Presidency in India. You know well that Her Excellency Lady Dufferin very kindly undertook to carry out the work of providing medical help for women in this country, and we are very thankful for the women's hospitals and the advantages afforded to women in government schools and colleges.

But it must be remembered that the science of medicine is a dangerous instrument in the hands of persons who have no fear of God before their eyes.

In many cases the study of medicine in government schools which must of necessity be non-religious, has not produced happy results. Our women who are just coming to light and knowledge ought to be helped by Christian people providing medical training and education which will be conducted on strictly Christian principles.

I hope that the Christian friends of Indian women will take up this work and help Dr. Edith Brown of Ludhiana and others who are laboring in this country to give medical help to the women of India in accordance to God's will and word.

Yours in his service,
RAMABAI.

P.S.—Dr. Condict's address in America will be:—Care of Mrs. J. M. Lee, 7 Perry Street, Morristown, N.J.

Mukti Mission, Kedgaon,
Poona Dist., India.
July 9, 1904.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Our Chundrabai is very grateful to you for having sent her the 'Messenger.'* She has lent it about, and our doctor's son (a bright lad of fourteen) is specially interested in it! Now, please, Chundrabai has gone to England, thence to America, where we prayerfully trust and prayerfully expect God will open hearts to help her to study at the Women's College, Philadelphia.

She is a grand woman, and for years has prayed to be trained for a medical missionary.

Now, please, could you continue to send the 'Northern Messenger' to our doctor's son, Vishnu? His father has not a medical degree, but has the title of hospital assistant, and his wife is a trained nurse; yet their pay is but $20 a month. Out of this they have three children to feed and clothe, so you see there is not much left to pay for newspapers, is there? Could you not get some nice boy to pay for Vishnu's paper? I call him Francis, for Vishnu is a hateful name to me, that of an abominable Indian idol! But you see, Francis was born before his father and mother became Christians.

I wish Vishnu could come and study in Canada when he has passed his matriculation; he speaks English well and likes us Britishers.

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*[It was paid for by the Post-Office Crusade Fund.—Ed.]

Yours faithfully,
LITTLE MOTHER (Mrs. Wardale).

'You're a Fool.'

Some years ago a Christian lady in Scotland lay upon her death-bed. Her husband was already dead; and reflecting that her little daughter would soon have to be handed over to the charge of her grandfather, who was an infidel, she was filled with anxiety at the prospect, and called the child to her side and obtained from her a promise that for her sake she would read one chapter of the Bible every day.

The child soon after was removed to the house of the aged infidel and faithful to her promise, was found by him one day reading to herself in the garden. Requiring to know what book it was, she replied it was her Bible.

He at once began to make light of it, declared that it was useless to read such a book and asked what was the good of it. She answered that she might learn of God.'

'God,' he said; 'there is no God.'

The effect of this upon the child can scarcely be described, so great was her fright and amazement. For the moment she appeared petrified; but recovering herself, exclaimed, with passionate earnestness:

'Oh, grandfather, you're a fool! you're a fool.' The man was amazed at this extraordinary audacity on the part of his granddaughter; but the child continued to exclaim:

'Oh, grandfather, you're a fool! The Bible says you are a fool! "The fool hath said in his heart. There is no God."' (Ps. xiv., 1.) The man listened no longer; but to forget it was impossible. Wherever he went, by night and by day, every waking moment seemed to come into his mind. 'You are a fool! The Bible says so!' The result was that he became miserably unhappy and broken down before God; and the Lord graciously used the circumstance to his conversion.—'The Faithful Witness.'

Challenge the Darkness.

'Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.' Ex. xx., 21.

(Charles A. Fox, in 'Life of Faith.')

Challenge the darkness, whatsoe'er it be—
Sorrow's thick darkness, or strange mystery
Of prayer or providence! Persist intent,
And thou shalt find love's veiléd sacrament:
Some secret revelation, sweetness, light,
Waits to waylay the wrestler of the night.
In the thick darkness, at its very heart,
Christ meets, transfigured, souls He calls apart.

Only.

(Agnes N. Anderson.)

If only the darkness would not shadow the light,
If only the gladness would be purer and bright,
If only the sturdy would be strong in the fight,
Battling for truth, justice, honor and right;
If only the freshness of flowers would remain,
If only the friendships of past years be the same
If only the sweet balm of late eventide rain
Linger'd a while in hearts burdened with pain;
If only the starlight would be free from the cloud,
If only the willow were not stunted and bow'd,
If only the helpless would be helped in the crowd,
Only a heart feeling be giv'n the proud;
If only the tare stalk would not mix with the corn,
If only the briar would be freed from the thorn,
If only the sinful would remember the morn
Bringeth a tear in remorse's dark form;
If only our own lips from false words would be free,
If only our own eyes were open to see,
If only our own hearts would aspire unto Thee,
Jesus our Saviour of Calv'ry Tree;
If only the Christian would be truer and pray,
If only the scoffer would look to Christ's way,
If only the sunlight would brighten his ray,
Making God's path as clear as the day;
Oh, 'only' to doubters would be then made so plain,
But 'only' to tempters would be ruin and bane,
And 'only' to outcasts would be a rare welcome gain,
Bearing a tool that will shatter their chain;
Oh, Jesus, in pity, then, look down from on high,
And hasten that moment, ere long weary years fly.
Give Thy strength and Thy love, then, as time will roll by—
Nation to nation will 'Only' reply.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Polly's Business Bump.

(Sophie Swett, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

Aunt Jane smoothed her hair and her apron and made one of the twins get down from the back of her chair and gave the baby to Polly to hold before she opened the letter that Tommy Higgins, their next door neighbor, had brought from the post-office. She said she always felt almost as if the minister and his wife had come to tea when she got a letter from Cousin Mary Olive Tidd. Cousin Mary Olive had gone away from Dumpling Hill to keep a shop in Poppleton when she was a young girl. Every one thought she ought to teach school because she was a minister's daughter, but she said she had a business bump and the Lord meant you to do what you could. Polly's heart had thrilled at sight of the Poppleton's postmark. She thought that the letter might be an answer to the question that every one was asking, 'What shall be done with Polly?' She was an orphan and Dumpling Hill farms bore scanty crops and all her relatives, like the old woman in the shoe, had so many children they didn't know what to do.

Aunt Jane opened the letter and read it aloud, and this was every word that was in it:—

'Dear Cousin Jane: I know you have quite enough to take care of without Polly, so you may send her to me and I will do well by her if she has a business bump. If she has not, I don't want her and shan't keep her.

'Yours truly, MARY OLIVE TIDD.'

Aunt Jane said she didn't see how any one could expect a twelve-year-old girl to have a business bump. And the tears came into her eyes; for the letter did not sound to her as if Cousin Mary Olive would be kind to Polly.

Caddy, the twin with a freckle (not even the twins' own mother could have told them apart if it had not been for the freckle on Caddy's nose) began to cry because she really thought it meant that Polly was going to get a bump like the one that little Jeremiah had on his forehead from falling downstairs; and little Jeremiah stepped on the kitten's tail in his haste to hold Polly by her skirts so she couldn't go away and made the kitten growl and spit. Ponto, who was the kitten's particular friend, began to bark wildly and there was a great uproar, above which Polly was heard to say, calmly:

'Mr. Tilden, the storekeeper, said that I had a business bump when I sold my white turkey's eggs for seven dollars and twenty-nine cents. So I am not afraid to go to Cousin Mary Olive!'

And then Aunt Jane wiped away the tears from her motherly eyes and only said she was glad that Polly had a brand-new blue cashmere dress to wear.

Three days afterwards Polly set out for Poppleton with her purple pig bank in her trunk, with seven dollars and twenty-nine cents all in it. Aunt Jane would not let her pay her fare out of it; she seemed to feel, as did Polly herself, that it was a proof of the business bump without which Cousin Mary Olive Tidd would not keep her.

She was put in charge of Deacon Lufkin, who was going to Poppleton on business, but he had time only to show her the way to the street where Cousin Mary Olive lived and she had to find the shop alone. But that was easy—easier than it was to find courage to open the door, with one's heart going thumpity-thump!

A little bell jingled when at length she did open it and Cousin Mary Olive came hurrying out from an inner room. She scowled, but Polly tried to remember that people did sometimes scowl only because they are near-sighted, and the creases of her double chin really looked pleasant.

'I am Polly Whitcomb, and I am pretty sure about the business bump,' said Polly.

'You had better be if you are going to live with me!' said Cousin Mary Olive promptly. 'But you are too small for twelve! How will you look behind a counter?'

'Perhaps I shall grow,' said Polly hopefully.

She felt like crying, but she kept back the tears and used her eyes to look about her, which is always the better way. And she saw that it was a pleasant, old-fashioned house behind the shop, and in the garden the grass was every bit as green and the sky was just as blue as it was on Dumpling Hill. And she said to herself that of course one could be happy where the grass was green and the sky was blue. And when you have found that out you are really quite wise.'

'I find I must go to the city to be with my brother Nahum at the hospital sooner than I thought,' said Cousin Mary Olive when she had read a letter at the breakfast table, the next morning. 'I meant to have about a week to show you how to keep a shop before I left you alone in mine, but now you will have to do it without any teaching. If you have a business bump you can, and if you haven't, why I shall find it out and you can go back to Dumpling Hill. Hannah Shea, who washes and cleans for me, will do the housework and stay with you nights, but mind you don't let her go into the shop! Some people would think I was crazy to trust a twelve-year old girl there, but it has kind of come about in the way of Providence that I should and I guess it is meant that I should find out about that business bump of yours! I found out, last night, that you could measure and make change and the prices are well marked on everything. You may go ahead and keep the shop as if it were your very own. My customers are all good, honest people, anyway, and I don't keep anything to entice children.'

'No, ma'am,' said Polly, with a little touch of sadness. For when she had walked up and down the street, the afternoon before, she had seen in the window of every other shop like Cousin Mary Olive's some bright and tempting displays for children. Not a doll, nor a toy, in Miss Tidd's! Polly thought it looked lonesome.

Now there is no better cure for home-sickness, nor indeed for heart sickness of any kind, than to have something to do that needs to be done with all one's might. And Polly felt sure that it would take all there was of a twelve-year-old girl from Dumpling Hill to keep a shop on the main street of Poppleton. Her heart fairly danced with joy when Cousin Mary Olive said that she might keep it just as if it were her own.

All went well but it was not very lively to sell spools of thread and yards of cambric all day and she longed to be in the little shop almost opposite, whose windows, gay with ribbons and toys, drew a crowd of children as soon as school was out.

One day the 'drummer' came from whom Cousin Mary Olive was accustomed to order goods. Cousin Mary Olive had told her to look carefully into the boxes and see just what was needed and order only that. Polly felt that this was the time to show whether she had a business bump or not. But when the drummer brought in, from his great gayly-painted waggon at the door, a box with three beautiful dolls in it she heaved a long, long sigh. She could see just how those dolls would look in the window if she only had a chance to dress them! For Polly had a knack of dressing dolls. You should see the corncob sailor boy and the rag Dinah that she had made for the twins! Whenever they had a fair at Dumpling Hill Polly dressed all the dolls.

After the drummer had gone she found one of the dolls lying face downward on a pile of cambrics. He went in a hurry and must have let it fall out of the box and put the cover on again without observing it. Polly ran to the door with the doll, but the gayly-painted waggon was out of sight. 'I will put it away until the next time he comes,' she said to herself. 'But he said it was only sixty-five cents! I wish I could buy it to send to one of the Dumpling Hill Children.'

As many as a dozen times that day Polly opened the box in which she had put the doll and took a long, wistful look at it. When little Miss Dinsmore, the dressmaker next door, came in, she showed it to her feeling that it was too important a matter to keep to one's self.

'I would buy it if I were you; it is very cheap at sixty-five cents, and it would amuse you to dress it. Come into my house, after you close, to-night, and I will give you some beautiful pieces of silk. I have a whole heap up in my attic,' said the dressmaker.

That was one of the nights when Polly closed at seven and she spent a delightful evening picking over the pieces of silk in Miss Dinsmore's great, rainbow-hued heap. She dressed the doll as a shepherdess; there was a beautiful piece of pink silk with tiny rose buds. The minister's wife at Dumpling Hill had showed her how to dress a shepherdess.

The shepherdess was so pretty, with her looped-up, puffy skirts and a pink hat upon her yellow head, that Polly couldn't help putting her in the window for the children to see. Cousin Mary Olive had not said that she would not have a doll in her window but only that she would not have one sold over her counter. She had told Polly to keep the shop just as if it were her own! And Miss Dinsmore said that she didn't think it would do the least harm to put a doll in the window.

The wonderful news spread quickly that there was a doll and the very prettiest doll that ever was seen in a Poppleton shop in Miss Tidd's window, and a crowd gathered as soon as school was done—a crowd that cheered the heart of the lonely little shopkeeper. She said to herself that she should not mind smashing her purple pig bank when the drummer came again, the doll had been such a comfort.

It was hard to have to say to wistful little girls who brought their mammas that the doll was not for sale; she could so easily dress another one—or even one a piece—for the Dumpling Hill twins when the pig bank was broken! But there was a queer and a cheering thing about the crowd at the windows, the coming of the mammas. They all bought something if they could not buy the doll. Polly was kept so busy that she had scarcely time to breathe. Trade increased so that little Miss Dinsmore came in to help in the evening when her poor eyesight would not allow her to sew.

'I guess she won't doubt that you have a business bump when she sees the money in the drawer!' Miss Dinsmore said.

But one day—the very day before Cousin Mary Olive was to return—Polly did a very

unbusinesslike thing. A little lame girl came in for the third time to see the doll.

'I can't get her by the window,' the little girl's older sister said, 'she has taken such a fancy to that doll!'

Her crutches humped up her little shoulders and her face was pale and drawn with pain, and Polly, as she said afterwards to Miss Dinsmore, simply couldn't stand it. So when she handed the doll to her she said gently, 'Take her! you may have her for your own.'

'Cousin Mary never said that a doll should not be given away over her counter,' she told Miss Dinsmore.

'Oh, you foolish child! You have spoiled your chances!' cried the dressmaker. 'Miss Tidd would have liked to have a doll dressed so that it would draw custom like that one. But to give it to that child! Why, her mother was Abby Fosgate, who treated Miss Tidd so badly when they were great friends that it has made her odd and cross. Oh, what will she say when she finds out what you have done?'

Poor Polly dreamed that night that she was sent back to Dumpling Hill, and the conductor cried out, 'No business bump!' every time he came through the car. And when she did reach home the twins had turned into wooden dolls and couldn't speak to her!

But bright days come after dark nights, and bad dreams do not come true. Miss Tidd came home the very next day and she looked into the money drawer the very first thing. And she was astonished! When she saw how many new customers came in, she was delighted; and when they asked for dolls she said she didn't care if Polly filled the window with them, if they drew the customers like that!

But she did not yet know whose little girl it was to whom Polly had given the doll! Miss Dinsmore said she didn't want to be there when she found out! And Polly had not yet mustered courage to tell her when a woman came hurrying into the shop and actually threw her arms around Cousin Mary Olive's neck, a thing that Polly had decided she should never dare to do. And she said with tears that she knew Cousin Mary Olive had forgiven her, because she had given her little girl that beautiful doll; and it would seem like heaven if they could go back to the old times and be friends. And Cousin Mary Olive cried and kissed her.

Polly slipped out of the shop then because she thought she might be in the way. When the visitor had gone Cousin Mary Olive, with her scowl all smoothed out and her face looking young and bright, took Polly in her arms and kissed her. She told her that she had found out that something that had darkened her life had been all a mistake, and it was Polly who had set things right!

'A kind heart is even better than a business bump!' she said. The gray parrot, on his perch in the sitting-room, kept repeating that, and Polly heard it that night, in a happy dream.

Cousin Mary Olive paid for the doll when the drummer came again, and ordered a dozen more dolls for Polly to dress for the shop; and more than a dozen—enough to go 'round!—for her to send to the children at Dumpling Hill.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1904, it is thime that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Frank Lowell's Reference.

Aunt Martha, young Dr. Snow's maiden sister, sat by the north window knitting and watching the boys come and go. Dr. Snow had advertised for an office boy,—a boy 'honest, kind and capable.' A dozen or more boys had come and gone; but at last one came, smaller than any of the others. His blue eyes were frank, his face smiling, his whole air hopeful, but he too was rejected. He was too small and had no reference. Aunt Martha dropped her knitting and started to her feet when she saw him go out.

'Call that boy back, Arthur!'

Her brother went to the door obediently and whistled, for he did not know the boy's real name. When the latter turned his pale, disappointed face, Dr. Snow, beckoned to him. 'Come in,' he said shortly, 'my sister wants you.'

'Sit down, my dear,' she said kindly. He sat down near her.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'Frank Lowell.'

'Well,' she continued, 'I was at the Arlington a few days ago, waiting for a friend. As I looked out of the window I saw my friend. Her hands were so full of packages that she dropped one, and with it her purse. She did not know it, but a boy picked up the package and purse and gave them to her. She wanted to reward him, but he would not accept anything. Did you know that boy, now, Frank?' Aunt Martha continued.

'Yes,' he said, his face flushing with embarrassment.

'He was honest, wasn't he?' she questioned.

'All boys ought to be,' said Frank meekly.

'But all boys are not,' she answered. 'That is what my brother wants—an honest boy.'

Dr. Snow realized that after all his sister was not crazy. But by this time she was telling another story.

'It was last week, one windy day,' she was saying, 'and I had just stepped out of a store, when I saw an old woman standing on the corner. Just then there appeared the boy who had picked up my friend's purse. I heard him say, "I'll help you across the street, ma'am." And he did.'

Frank rose as if to go, but Aunt Martha said. 'Just wait a minute. I've found out that the boy has been taking care of his mother, who is a widow and is sick. He has kept the wolf from the door for two years.'

'Well, laddie,' said the doctor, smiling down into the small face, 'my good sister is your reference, I see, and I could not ask a better one. If you'll stay with me, consider yourself engaged.'—'Morning Star.'

Self Support.

Miss Chester, in her valuable and readable little book, 'Girls and Women,' has a chapter with the above title. In it she relates the experience of 'an agreeable girl whose great failure was her self-conceit;' who fancied—until she tried—that 'she could do everything that anybody could do.' How she was cured of this delusion, and then of the discouragement which followed the cure, may well be of interest to many young women who have their own way to make in the world.

As she did not look down on other people's efforts, her self-conceit was amusing, rather than annoying. She was always ready to write a poem, or sing a song, or paint a picture; and, as she was a society girl and lived in a grand house, her little doings were often favorably mentioned in the local papers; so she may be pardoned for believing she had a variety of talents, though no one who read her poems or heard her songs agreed with her.

Then came a crisis in her affairs. She was thrown on her resources, without a moment's warning. She had to earn her living or to starve. She had plenty of energy and was willing to work. She took a rapid view of her powers. Then the scales fell from her eyes. She felt very doubtful if there was one among her accomplishments which could furnish bread for her.

She would have said that all her conceit was gone. But it was not so. As her need was so urgent, she tried to find work, first in one way and then in another. She was prepared to have the editors reject her manuscripts, and she was not surprised that she could not sell her pictures but it was amazing to be told that her grammar and spelling were faulty, and it was hard to see the amusement in the faces of the art-dealers, when they regarded her most cherished paintings.

No woman can earn a living without some mortifying experiences, but the more conceited she is the more such experiences she meets, because she is inclined to attempt things preposterously beyond her. So this poor girl, who had always held her head high, was snubbed by every one. She was told the truth, with almost brutal frankness and, in time, she learned her lesson.

She was not a dull girl, nor a weak one. There was one thing she could do well at the outset, though she had so little discrimination in regard to herself that it did not occur to her that this would be her lever for moving the world. She was a beautiful housekeeper. She remembered this finally, and acted accordingly.

I cannot say that she enjoyed her experience but she did her work well and was paid for it. She also had a talent—strange to say, it was for drawing. She did not realize this, either, for she could not discriminate enough to see that her amateur work as an artist was at all different from her amateur singing and playing.

At first she had thought she could do almost everything well, and then she thought she could do nothing well. But, by slow degrees, and through much tribulation, she began to set her faculties in order, and when she found her germ of a talent, she cultivated it. Ten years later, she was able to support herself by her drawings.

By this time, her one fault had vanished. She was simple and modest and self-respecting, while she retained the courage and cheerfulness which had made her attractive as a girl. 'If you wish to cure a girl of conceit,' she once said to a friend, 'let her try to earn her living. As long as she does not ask to be paid, everybody will praise her work; but let her offer to sell her services and then see.'

I have not told this story to discourage girls who wish to be independent, but to show them the difficulties in their way.—'Youth's Companion.'

'Keep Your Eyes on the Text, Lads!'

The captain of a collier-brig said to a Christian worker who was visiting him and inspecting the ship, 'You see the Roll of Texts you gave me; they are grand, sir.' He then proceeded to tell how when the brig was just caught in a terrible gale, the coals having shifted and the ship lying on her beam ends, the captain descended to the cabin, and his eye rested on the text, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble,' etc., which was the text for that day. 'It came to

me like an angel's voice,' continued the captain 'and I seemed to feel that the Lord would spare us somehow; and when I went on deck again I said, "Keep a good heart, my lads; God is as good as his word. He will pull us through this trouble if we will only trust him."' He then told how they set to and got a 'handful' of canvas on the vessel, thus bringing her up. The Captain repeated the text to the men, and they being thereby encouraged, struck up a hymn. Going to the pumps cheerfully, they pumped and sang from five in the afternoon until eight o'clock next morning, encouraging each other till a Lowestoft lugger came out and helped them. The watchword that night amid the storm, during thirteen hours' pumping, in imminent danger, was, 'Keep your eyes on the text, my lads.' 'This,' concludes the narrator, 'is one simple instance of the power of the word.'—'The Christian Herald.'

Mable's at Home Convention

(Alice May Douglas, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'I am so glad to see you, Miss Ewing, but I really was not looking for you to-day, I thought that you would be off to the convention with the rest of the good people.' The speaker pulled forward a rather shabby looking chair and motioned for the young lady to be seated therein.

'I did plan until the very last to go on our Sunday-school Convention,' replied Mabel, 'but some money that I was expecting did not come to me and so I took this as an expression of God's desire to use me in his work here rather than at Bradley where our pastor and a full dozen of our teachers are. I know that they are having a perfectly lovely time.'

'But you deserve to have a perfectly lovely time if anyone does,' said the sad faced woman. 'God alone knows how your calls have cheered me. I often think that if I did not have any little ones, they'd have no Sunday-school teacher to call here.'

A full hour spent Mabel in this home which was shadowed by the intemperance of the husband and father, during which time she helped the woman with her household duties, thereby giving her opportunity to care for a sick baby.

Mabel next called upon a 'new family,' where she obtained the five new scholars for the Sunday-school, children who had not been in the habit of going to the house of God.

Then there were other calls to make upon several members of the Home Department, upon the babies of the Cradle Roll and upon people of all classes who were not and never had been connnected with the Church or the Sunday-school in any way and were therefore more in need of her visits than any other classes.

At noon she found herself a long distance from home in the heart of the rural suburbs of her home city and as the dinner hour arrived she found herself at the table of Farmer Lucas, surrounded by his buxom wife and six ruddy children, enough of themselves to form the new Sunday-school she was to found in the neighboring schoolhouse upon the afternoon of the following Sabbath.

'The others are having a typical New England convention dinner like this,' she said to herself, 'they are seated at a long table in the basement of the church eating brown bread and baked beans, doughnuts and apple pie, or boiled dinner and Indian pudding and the cream of that; they are making new friends as they eat; so am I. They are obtaining new ideas for the Sunday-school; so am I, and practical results at the same time.'

Mabel spent the afternoon in the city going among her friends, soliciting from them funds towards the purchase of supplies for the new rural Sunday-school. She also obtained a large quantity of cards, picture papers and library books and best of all the promise of two assistant teachers.

In one week from this Sabbath the delegates read their reports of the convention to the Sunday-school. They had received a great spiritual uplift while attending it and brought back many valuable suggestions which the school subsequently put into practice. Mabel likewise had received a great spiritual uplift during the time she had not attended the convention. She, too, had brought to the school many valuable suggestions—those she had obtained first hand and what was of infinitely more importance, she had been instrumental in bringing into the school seven new scholars and had kept in it six of the others who but for her calls would have drifted away and she had the satisfaction of knowing that through her efforts a new school had been organized in a little country place which stood in great need of Christian influence.

As she and some of the delegates walked home after Sunday-school, and were relating their recent experiences in Sunday-school work, Mr. Burns, the pastor, said: 'You have really accomplished more by your Home Convention than have all the rest of us.'

Beautiful Answers.

A Persian pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:

'What is gratitude?'

'Gratitude is the memory of the heart.'

'What is hope?'

'Hope is the blossom of happiness.'

'What is the difference between hope and desire?'

'Desire is a tree in leaf; hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.'

'What is eternity?'

'A day without yesterday or to-morrow; a line that has no end.'

'What is time?'

'A line that has two ends; a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb.'

'What is God?'

'The necessary Being, the Sun of eternity, the Merchant of nature, the Eye of justice, the Watchmaker of the universe, the Soul of the world.'—'Western Christian Union.'

Miss Palmer's Outing.

(Willard N. Jenkins, in the 'Morning Star.')

Miss Mary Palmer sat down to her breakfast of bread and butter and coffee, and as she ate cast loving glances at an unopened letter that lay on the white cloth. She knew the handwriting well. It was that of her precious brother, more than a son to her, it would seem, if one judged by what she had done for him. If she got back less than so many sons give to their mothers what matter, since not being a mother she could not be supposed to know her due? More than this, Miss Palmer had never known how to measure love or anything else by what she had received. Her life had been to give, and all her friends had profited by her sweet, generous disposition. The years had brought trials—she had had disappointments, much to worry, and more hard work; but her face had never lost its tender, placid expression.

Her father had been twice married, and when he died he felt his motherless boy, two years old and the child of his last marriage, to the care of his daughter, who was then a comely young woman of twenty-three. In all the years that had passed since then Miss Palmer had been faithful to her trust. Her brother was a delicate lad and she petted him until he came to think only of his own wants, and people shook their heads, asserting that she would spoil the boy. At fifteen he became interested in religious matters, and expressed his desire to become a minister of the gospel.

'My dear boy,' said his sister, with tears streaming down her face, 'you have made me very happy.'

She had paid his way through college, taking for that purpose the money that had been left to her by her own mother. For his sake she had given up all idea of a home and attachments of her own, and now, at forty-eight, she was living in a small flat and 'taking in' plain sewing.

John, the brother for whom she had sacrificed so much, was now a minister of the gospel. He had married young, and a wife and two children were the adjuncts of his theological course. And now, in addition to first the charge and first parsonage, he was to have his first vacation. A kind parishioner had given him the use of a cottage in the wilderness, near a trout brook, and in the first flush of his good fortune he had written to his sister to have her trunk all packed, ready to join them at the Junction, when his letter settling the date should come.

And the trunk was packed, and the little flat swept and garnished, and the last scrap of food eaten—and here was the letter.

How kind it was in John to remember that the summer was one of unusual heat, and that she was not so strong as she used to be. She never remembered the helpless young wife, the children who needed such constant care, the cottage to be put in order, the hard work that had always been her portion when she had visited her brother's family. She thought only of the joy of being near John, of the trees and flowers and the fresh country air. Yes, she was very happy.

And then she read the letter:—

Dear Sister:—

I am very sorry, but we have had to change our plans. My wife's aunt and cousin decided to spend the time at the cottage with us, and we couldn't possibly take in even one more. I told Annie you would be worth both the others in helping with the work, and if anybody got sick she'd be thankful enough to send for you. But in domestic matters a man's views don't seem to count. So Mrs. Sprague, my wife's aunt, wanted to go a few days earlier than we had planned, and by the time this reaches you we shall be settled.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN.

That was all. It was but a trifling thing to her idolized brother that she had been shut out from his home. She would have been far better for the work than the others; but there was not one thought of her need of change—not one remembrance that his parsonage was so sweet a home because her flat was stripped bare of everything that she thought they would like—not one thought of counting her as one of them. For a moment it seemed that the bitterness of her disappointment was more than she could bear; then she put it bravely aside, and, rising, she cleared away the breakfast dishes. When everything was in order, she went to her trunk and took out her well-worn Bible. 'What is it,' she asked, 'that it says about the shadow of a great rock?' Turning the leaves eagerly she found

the verse, and then another: 'A refuge from the storm—a covert from the tempest—as rivers of water in a dry place,' then on and on, one precious word after another. Her anguish passed away, and she remembered only the infinite patience of the Christ who cared enough for this poor, shallow-hearted boy to bear with him until he should learn the true meaning of love.

'Oh, God,' she prayed, 'spare me the pain of ingratitude, of lack of love.' As her spiritual vision cleared she pleaded: 'Spare him the awful loss of not knowing how to love or how to serve his Lord or his fellow-men. Open his eyes to see, and if I can help in any way, use me.'

In the quiet moments that followed it was given her to see that he who loved her spoiled boy and had him in training, did not wish that this summer she should go on indulging him, becoming not the helpful but the harmful servant of the young man and his wife.

God had allowed them to choose the right thing for them—the hard lesson of getting on without Sister Mary—a lesson that taught them her value and their selfishness as nothing else could have done.

John had such a training in self-control and service for others in the experience which this summer gave him, as was worth to his Christian manhood years of his sister's pampering. And when the time came, as come it did before the summer closed, that both John and John's wife begged her to come and make her home with them, she wrote the following in reply:—

Dear John:—

You know how much I love you, and perhaps you can judge what a temptation it is for me to come into your home, and live over again for your children the life I lived for you. But I greatly fear that much of that life was an injury to your manhood, and I do not wish to extend it to your children. In October, I expect to close the little flat. A lady who has been very kind to me is going abroad to spend a year and she wishes me to be her companion. I am glad to go, for my health is suffering, and I need a change. God closed the way to my outing with you, but he always does more than he promises, and he has opened the way for another outing, which I feel that I shall enjoy.

Dear John, I believe God will lead you into larger places where you can be a co-worker with him. Your loving sister,

MARY.

As John Palmer read this letter, he turned to his wife and said, huskily:—

'I have been selfish and unfeeling. May God forgive me, and help me to be his true servant.'

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Faith's Postscript.

(Kate Grey, in the 'Union Signal.)

A small child crossed the street timidly but swiftly, holding tightly in one hand a bright, shining beer-pail. The early morning hour brought with it a sharpness which tinged her cheek with color.

A passerby taking note of the sweet brown eyes, the curling ringlets about the tiny ears, the anxious look upon the pinched face, would have helped her on her way had she not just proved too quick for him.

Faith paid no heed to anything about, but passed through the swinging door into the saloon just ahead of her.

A sleepy looking man rose to his feet when he saw her.

'Well,' he said, 'what will you have?'

'It's on this paper in here, sir,' Faith replied, pointing to the pail.

The man took the pail from her, slowly drew out the paper, and then began to read it aloud:

'"Five cents worth of beer." They writ it out for you, did they?—Why, what's this?' he continued, '"and no more." Say, Miss, did you write this here last line?'

Faith nodded.

'I couldn't make it very plain, sir,' she said. 'Our teacher says we must be neat and——'

'Never mind what your teacher says. I want to know what you mean by "and no more."'

Faith hesitated.

'Go on,' urged the man. 'I ain't goin' to scold you.'

'Well, it's this way,' began Faith. 'I meant we don't want papa to have any more beer at all and so—and so—I just thought I'd write it on. Papa is good when he doesn't have beer, but he——'

'Never mind,' said the man. 'I kin guess the rest. And so you don't want your pa to have any more beer. Five cents' worth ain't a-goin' to hurt him.'

'Yes, sir; but when he drinks five cents' worth of it, he sends me out for more,' Faith replied.

The man looked out of the window, thought a few moments, then turned to the counter and began to write busily. When he had finished he said:

'Here, little girl, I know your pa. Take this to him. Here's your beer.

Faith's face showed signs of disappointment. The man glanced at her, then added:

'Run along now. I guess you'll like what I wrote.'

As night came on Faith's mother again and again looked wistfully down the street.

'It's pay night and the saloons will get father,' she said to her little daughter. 'Oh, Faith, child, what can we do? You're always a comfort to me, but since your father refuses to let you go to the L. T. L. meetings and won't let that nice lady who is your leader come to the house, I have lost all heart.'

Faith patted her mother's hand lovingly.

Suddenly she cried: 'Here comes papa now. Oh, mamma, he's coming in. He is coming in,' she repeated, and he has something in his hand.

Her mother ran to the door but stopped short at sight of her husband's face.

'Oh,' she breathed. 'Are you sick? Speak to me.'

'Sick? Yes,' was the reply. 'Sick with my own sin and weakness, and I agree with the writer of this letter.'

His wife stared.

'Read this,' said her husband, 'and read it good and loud, so Faith can hear.'

'My dear sir,' read his wife. 'You will excuse me for telling you that you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you had, and I ought to be ashamed of myself, I had. Therefer, since I'm ashamed and you're ashamed (or ought to be) let's quit for good and all for the sake of that little gal of yourn that you send for the beer. I had thought of quitin' for a good long time, and the gaze your Faith gave me this morn done me up complete. Yores truly, Michael Callum, saloonkeeper no more.'

And then a very surprising thing happened. Faith's father kissed her mother in token of his new resolve, and then he called Faith to him and kissed her, and they all laughed and cried and cried and laughed together.

And all this took place one Saturday night, too, and just after pay time. The following night, Faith's father and Michael Collum joined hands in a hearty hand-shake.

Boys and Girls,

Show your teacher, your superintendent or your pastor, the following 'World Wide' list of contents.

Ask him if he thinks your parents would enjoy such a paper.

If he says yes then ask your father or mother if they would like to fill up the blank Coupon at the bottom of this column, and we will send 'World Wide' on trial, free of charge, for one month.

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The following are the contents of the issue of Aug. 27, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The U.F. Manifesto—An Appeal for Loyal Support—Scotch Papers.
The United Free Church—Dr. Rainy's Criticism of the Decision—Scotch Papers.
The Free Church—Recommendations of the Committee—Scotch Papers.
Port Arthur's Final Stage—The 'World,' New York.
The Fight at Long Range—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Russian Nihilist Congress—The Revolutionary Programme—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Bishop Potter's Model Saloon—'Presbyterian Banner,' Pittsburg; the 'Outlook,' New York.
The Appalling Cost of Labor Conflicts—The Chicago 'Journal.'
The South is a Land of Law, not Anarchy—The 'Sun,' New York.
M. Waldeck-Rousseau—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The New Era in South Africa—Canon Scott Holland, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
General Booth at Home—Plans for New Work—By R.T.T., in the 'Daily News,' London.
The Living Wesley—A Picture of one of General Booth's Meetings—By Harold Bigbie, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Decline of Oratory in our Public Life—X., in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
The Revolt of France Against the Papacy—The 'Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Sir Edward Elgar and Conductors—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Study of Music in English Schools—The 'Musical News,' London.
Music in the Public Schools of the United States—The Northampton 'News.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

August—From the 'Earthly Paradise,' by William Morris.
Shakespeare and Bacon—Poem, by William W. Skeat, in the 'Spectator,' London.
'Obligatory Authors'—The 'Nation,' New York.
Maria Edgeworth—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
An Experimental Study of Manners—F.E.W., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Canada in the Twentieth Century—The 'Spectator,' London.
The Nation's Trailmakers—A Series of Books on Historic Explorations in North America, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

What an Atom Is, and How to Measure It—A Popular Description by Sir Oliver Lodge—The 'Scientific American.'
The Phenomena of Lightning—Its Choice of Pathway from the Clouds—By James C. Bayles, in the New York 'Times.'
Plant Wounds—By C. E. Waters, in the 'Plant World.'
Professor Cox on Mechanics—The 'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Strain on Eyes Looking Upwards—The London 'Hospital.'
Science Notes.

LITTLE FOLKS

Wise Little Alice.

(By Mary Stewart Cutting, in 'Youth's Companion.')

This is the story of Alice. The Baby was two years old, and the Boy was four years old, but Alice was nearly seven years old, and she helped her mother. She was a Big Girl. One day her mother said:

'Alice, I have to be away all the afternoon, and I must leave the children with you. Take good care of Baby and Boy. Wash them clean, and keep them warm, and love them dearly. And at four o'clock you may give Baby a mugful of milk and two cookies, and you may give Boy a mugful of milk and four cookies, and you may give yourself a mugful of milk and the long brown cake with raisins in it, under the red napkin in the tin cake-box on the third shelf of the corner cupboard. Would you like that?'

'Indeed I would, mother!' said Alice.

'Very well,' said her mother. 'And if anything happens and you don't know what to do, stand still and think hard and count ten. I am not afraid to leave you, for I know that you are a Big Girl.'

'Indeed I am, mother!' said Alice. And she stood on a chair and tied the back of her mother's veil for her mother, and all the children kissed their mother goodby, and waved their hands at her from the window as she went down the long walk. And Baby began to cry:

'Mamma! mamma!' and Boy began to cry, 'Mamma! mamma! I want my mamma, I do!' And Alice began to cry, but she winked away the tears (for she was a Big Girl), and she sat Baby and Boy up on two chairs, with their feet straight out in front of them, and she said:

'Don't cry, darlings. You will feel much better when you are clean.'

So she brought a basin of water and the soap and a sponge and a towel, and when the children wriggled she said, 'Sit still this minute!'

So she scrubbed them and she brushed them, and when they were quite clean, Baby looked out of the window and said, 'Walky, walky.' And Boy said, 'I want to go walky, I do.' And Alice said:

'When I have dressed you warm, darlings, then you may go out walking in the yard.'

So she put on the mittens and the rubbers, and when the children wriggled she said, 'Sit still this minute!' And she put on Baby's white coat and cap, and she put on Boy's blue coat and cap, and she put on her own red coat and cap, and she opened the front door; and there by the steps stood six large white geese, and they craned their long necks at the children and hissed frightfully, 'Ssssilly! Ssssilly!'

And Baby screamed, 'F'aid! F'aid!' And Boy screamed, 'I 'fraid, I am!' And Alice was afraid, too, so she shut the door again, and she stood still and counted ten and thought hard. And while she was thinking her eyes fell on a big sword that hung on the wall, and she remembered that she was the granddaughter of a soldier.

So she said, 'I know what to do!' and she ran upstairs and got a little trumpet for Baby, and a little drum for Boy, and a little flag for herself. Then they all marched out of the front door toward the geese, Alice first, proudly waving the flag, and Boy next, fiercely beating the drum, and Baby next, gaily blowing on the trumpet; and the geese formed in two white lines on each side to see the marching. They craned their long necks this way and that way to see them marching, and they hissed:

'Sssplendid! Sssplendid!'

So Baby and Boy and Alice marched three times round the yard, and three times more, and sent the geese down the long walk and out of the front gate into the highroad. And then it began to grow very cold, and the white flakes of snow came down, and wise little Alice said:

'We will go back into the house now, darlings.'

So she brought them back into the house, and took off their things. And Baby cried 'Mikky, mikky!' and Boy cried, 'I want some mikky, I do!' And Alice said, 'You shall have your milk now, darling.' So she brought out the little table, and put on it the mug of milk and two cookies for Baby, and a mug of milk and four cookies for Boy, and a mug of milk for herself and the long, brown raisin cake under

(By Bart Haley, in the 'Tribune.')

I know the way
Beyond the meadow where the river flows,
And where the great road to the wide world goes—
I'll travel when I'm big and have new clothes
For every day.

I know the way
Behind the far gray hills where cities lie
And reach their castles almost to the sky—
I'll laugh and sing and never have to cry
The livelong day.

I know the way—
How very happy through the world I'll be
With none to mind or scold or ever bother me
Or cry, when in a wond'rous ship upon the sea
I sail away.

the red napkin in the tin cake-box on the third shelf of the corner cupboard. And they sat down in three little chairs by the table, and they drank the milk all up and ate every crumb of the cookies and the cake, and then Baby cried :

'Tired! tired! Mamma! mamma! mamma!' And Boy cried, Tired! Tired! I want my mamma, I do!'

And Alice said, 'Mamma will be home soon now, darlings. Sit down here by the fire with Sister Alice, for this is the time to love you dearly.'

So they sat on the floor by the fire, and Baby leaned his head against her, and Boy leaned his head against her, and Alice put her arms round them both and sang while the firelight danced into the shadows in the room, and the white winter moon came and looked down through the window at them. This is what Alice sang:

'O little brother dear. lie still,
Nor fear the winter moon;
It only wants to say to you
That mother's coming soon.

'Nor fear, nor fear the shadows dark,
My little brothers dear,
For Alice holds you in her arms,
And mother's coming near.'

Then they all closed their eyes. And when Alice opened her eyes there stood her mother, and her father too. And Alice said:

'Mother dear, I have tried to be wise. I have kept the children clean, and I have kept them warm, and I have fed them well, and I have counted ten and thought hard, and I have loved them dearly,'

And her mother kissed her and said, 'You are a good child. I am very much pleased with you.' And she took out a little box, and in it was a silver chain with a locket on it, and she put it round Alice's neck. And her father kissed Alice, and when he had carried Baby and Boy upstairs he carried sleepy Alice upstairs, too, in his strong arms, for he said:

'After all, she is so very little to be such a Big Girl!'

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

The Spider and Her Family.

Every child has seen spiders in plenty, spinning their webs in some corner; or, after the web or tent is securely fastened and finished, lying in wait for some unfortunate fly or mosquito.

Oftentimes in these webs small brown bags are to be seen, and these, if opened, will be found to contain a great many little eggs which the spider has laid, or sometimes when you open them, you will find that the eggs have just hatched, and that there is a bag full of tiny spiders that have not yet seen the light.

Spiders indeed have as many children sometimes as the 'old woman who lived in a shoe,' but, unlike that famed personage, they seem to know just what to do. It is very interesting to watch them and see how they manage their little ones.

One day as I was walking on a country road where there was not much travel, my attention was caught by a large spider in the dust at my feet, so large that I stopped to look at it. Its body seemed rough and thick, while its legs were short. I took a stick and poked it, when presto change! my spider had a small, round, smooth body and long legs.

Truly this was more strange than any sleight-of-hand trick I had ever seen. I had heard of snakes and frogs shedding their skins, and many other queer stories of animals and insects, but of nothing at all like this.

I stooped closer to the ground to see if I could get a clew to the mystery, and found that the dust all about the large spider was alive with little ones that she had just shaken off. What a load! And how did they ever get up on her back? Did they run up her slender legs and crowd and cling on?

How I wished I knew the spider language, that I might find out why this mother weighed herself down with such a burden of little one as she walked the street! Was she giving them an airing, and showing them the world? or had the broom of some housemaid swept away her web, and forced her thus to take flight to save her family from destruction?

Perhaps she had been burned out. Or was it the first day of May to her? and had her landlord forced her out of her house because she could not pay the rent?

Alas! she could not tell me, and I left her there in the road with all her little ones about her.—'Nursery.'

How Jack Won His Parents Over.

(W. B. Chisholm, in N. Y. 'Observer')

A little boy was very anxious to go to Sunday-school. His parents were very poor, and besides, did not take much interest in Sunday-schools and churches. So his mother told Jack he was too ragged.

'But, mother,' said Jack, 'were all the people dressed up in fine clothes when Jesus was on earth? I thought a good many poor people followed him.'

The child's words were almost a reproach to the woman, who had had a religious education. She, however said

'Well, I don't know, Jack, but how would you like to see dad in church with his jumper and his old muddy boots on?'

Jack thought a moment of the fine people in some of the pews, and how his father would look. and then he said:

'But, mother, why can't dad brush his shoes and you wash the jumper?'

The mother half-laughed, half-sighed.

'Why, Jack,' said she, 'your dad hasn't brushed his shoes since he was married. He's forgotten how. But I could wash the jumper.'

'Well,' said Jack, 'that's a bargain. I want to go, and I want my parents to go with me. I'll brush dad's shoes, and I'll spend that nickel I have upstairs to get blacking—no, I forgot,' said he with a troubled reflection, 'that was to go in the plate. But I do want you and dad to go so bad.'

The poor woman was conquered by the boy's love for home and love for the church.

'Yes Jack,' said she, 'we will go. I'll manage dad, no matter how he growls. I'll get that blacking, and there's an old brush somewhere around.'

Thus little Jack won his parents back to the love of Christ, and before another year had passed they had professed him before men.

LESSON XII.—SEPT 18.

Israel Reproved.

Amos v., 4-15.

Golden Text.

Seek the Lord, and ye shall live. Amos v. 6.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 12.—Amos v., 1-15.
Tuesday, Sept. 13.—Amos v., 16-27.
Wednesday, Sept. 14.—Amos iii., 1-15.
Thursday, Sept. 15.—Amos iv., 1-13.
Friday, Sept. 16.—Amos vi., 1-14.
Saturday, Sept. 17.—Amos viii., 1-14.
Sunday, Sept. 18.—Amos ix., 1-15

4 For thus saith the Lord unto the house of Israel, Seek ye me, and ye shall live:

5. But seek not Beth-el, nor enter into Gilgal, and pass not to Beer-sheba: for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and Beth-el shall come to nought.

6. Seek the Lord, and ye shall live; lest he break out like fire in the house of Joseph, and devour it, and there be none to quench it in Beth-el.

7. Ye who turn judgment to wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth,

8. Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark with night: that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth: The Lord is his name:

9. That strengtheneth the spoiled against the strong, so that the spoiled shall come against the fortress.

10. They hate him that rebuketh in the gate, and they abhor him that speaketh uprightly.

11. Forasmuch therefore as your treading is upon the poor, and ye take from him burdens of wheat: ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them; ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink wine of them.

12. For I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins: they afflict the just, they take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right.

13. Therefore the prudent shall keep silence in that time; for it is an evil time.

14. Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live: and so the Lord, the God of hosts, shall be with you, as ye have spoken.

15. Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate: it may be that the Lord God of hosts will be gracious unto the remnant of Joseph.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Instead of taking up the work of Elisha immediately after the account of the close of Elijah's earthly career, we now pass over about a century of history, and listen to the reproof of Israel by Amos.

The home of Amos was at Tekoa, about twelve miles south of Jerusalem, in a country full of historic associations. It was also the region of David's early life, being only about five miles south of Bethlehem.

Amos himself seems to have sprung from an obscure family, and to have followed a humble calling, not being one of the members of a school of the prophets. In Amos vii., 14, he says, 'I was no prophet, neither was I a prophet's son; but I was an herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit.'

From this humble life God called him to the great work of rebuking a wicked nation, and to be honored by becoming one of the writers of the Old Testament.

Judah, the southern kingdom of the two tribes, was now prospering and under a good king, Uzziah. Israel also was very prosperous, and had extended her dominion beyond her earlier boundaries. Jeroboam II., of the house of Jehu, was king.

But Israel was exceedingly wicked. The rich had a very great abundance, the nation being richer than at any time since Solomon, but the poor were much oppressed. Idolatry had taken the place of the worship of God. Geikie says of Israel at this time, 'No truth, or mercy, or knowledge of God, we are told, was left in the land.'

Outwardly the nation was exceedingly strong and powerful, while their enemies round about had become weakened, so that we would be led to think that a long period of glorious history was in store. But Israel was hastening toward national destruction, for about sixty years later Samaria fell, and the ten tribes passed out of independent national existence.

This is a lesson for our day as well, as it was for that of Israel.

LIFE STILL PROMISED. 4-7.

'Seek ye me, and ye shall live.' The prophet dealt with the surrounding countries in the first two chapters of this book, then he turned to Israel. We take up his words in the midst of his solemn utterance to the wayward northern kingdom.

He had not come to merely condemn the people for their sins, foretell their punishment, and depart. God had long been provoked by the wickedness of this people, but he was still the God of mercy, of definite love. He now called Israel to return and live, because to go on in her present course meant national death.

'But seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal.' These were places of idol worship, and the prophet makes the clear distinction between returning to the Lord, and seeking out places of idol worship.

'Lest he break out like fire in the house of Joseph.' If Israel would not obey then they might look for swift and terrible vengeance. Amos speaks here as though there were a tribe of Joseph, whereas Joseph is represented by the two tribes of his sons, Ephraim and Manasseh.

Now, notice an instance of prophecy fulfilled. In reading the Old Testament, often the wording is apt to seem to us meaningless, as though phrases, sentences, and even whole passages were thrown in merely to make the statements more impressive. It is a serious mistake to look at the matter in this way.

We might, for instance, think this prediction as to Joseph was simply a general reference to Israel. In a sense it was, but if you will look at your maps, you will see that the territory of Ephraim and Manasseh corresponds pretty generaly with that known later as Samaria. The city of Samaria, the capital of Israel, was situated in the land of Manasseh. That is, the tribes of the sons of Joseph occupied a very important part of the country and had the capital itself.

Now when Israel was carried into captivity the capital was the scene of a great siege, and the whole country round suffered. In II. Kings xvii., 24, we read, 'And the king of Assyria brought men from Babylon, and from Cuthah, and from Ava, and from Hamath, and from Sepharvaim, and placed them in the cities of Samaria instead of the children of Israel.' So indeed the punishment of the Lord was like fire in the house of Joseph, for the national life of the people there, and their power, were consumed.

'Ye who turn judgment to wormwood.' As Israel had become wealthy, oppression of the poor, corruption of courts of justice, and all the evils of an overly prosperous age had set in.

This is a lesson for our day. Great and continued national prosperity, the piling up of wealth, and the acquiring of power have never been favorable to the cultivation of national virtues. The very prosperity of our land to-day is a source of great concern to thoughtful men who read history aright.

THE MAJESTY OF GOD. 8, 9.

'Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion.' From commanding the people to seek God, Amos turns for a moment to refer to the majesty and power of God. The seven stars, or the Pleiades, form the most important star cluster to be seen with the naked eye, and Orion is the most brilliant constellation. Yet the God the people are called to serve was the Maker of these heavenly bodies.

'That strengtheneth the spoiled against the strong.' Here was a reminder to Israel. At this time she was stronger than the Gentile nations round about, and her wealth partly consisted of the spoils of conquest. But God could strengthen her spoiled enemies again so that they would come up against her, as actually came to pass later.

OPPRESSION IN ISRAEL. 10-13.

'They hate him that rebuketh in the gate.' The gates of Eastern cities were important places for public business. You will remember that when Absalom was seeking to gain the good will of Israel, he 'stood by the way of the gate,' in order to gain the attention of those who sought for some one to settle their disputes.

It was a custom for judges to hear cases at the gates of the cities. But, so corrupt had the ruling classes become, that they hated a just judgment and the judge who rebuked them.

'Forasmuch as your treading is upon the poor.' The poor were compelled to pay exorbitant taxes, just as is the case to-day in Turkey. The rich formed an oppressive class, that robbed and misused their poorer brethren.

'Ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them.' Inasmuch as they had so oppressed the poor God would not permit them to enjoy the results of their evil deeds.

'For I know your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins.' This sort of thing had been going on until they had become rich and powerful, had come to ignore the rights of men, and to forget God himself. But Amos reminds them that God had not forgotten their sins. He knew how the poor suffered at their hands, and a day of retribution was at hand.

'Therefore the prudent shall keep silence in that time; for it is an evil time.' It was a time when the prudent saw no profit in speaking what was in their minds. The nation was mad in idolatry, love of money, power, and pleasure, justice had departed, and the ruling classes would heed neither rebuke nor warning. Hence it was idle for the one who realized the condition of affairs to speak.

A HOPE HELD OUT. 14, 15.

'Hate the evil, and love the good, and establish judgment in the gate: it may be that the Lord God of hosts will be gracious unto the remnant of Joseph.' In spite of all their sins there is still a time for repentance. There might be some at least who would be spared from the judgment to fall, if they repented.

The teacher, if he be an observer of the 'signs of the times,' will not fail to see that many of the evils mentioned in this lesson are becoming characteristic of our age. Money-getting, bribery, corruption, oppression, love of pleasure are all prominent in our life to-day. An opportunity is thus presented for warning, and for showing how such national sins beget national peril and destruction.

The lesson for September 25 is the Quarterly Review.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 18.—Topic—How the world is growing better. Ps. xxxvii., 1-13; Eccl. vii., 10.

Junior C. E. Topic.

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS.

Monday, Sept. 12.—The dream fulfilled. Gen. xli., 47-57.

Tuesday, Sept. 13.—Joseph and his brothers. Gen xlii., 1-20.

Wednesday, Sept. 14.—Guilty consciences. Gen. xlii., 21-34.

Thursday, Sept. 15.—Concerning Benjamin. Gen. xlii., 35-43; 14.

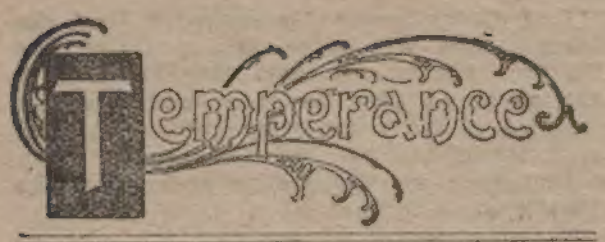
Friday, Sept. 16.—Another visit to Egypt. Gen. xliii., 15-34.

Saturday, Sept. 17.—The brothers tested. Gen. xliv., 1-34.

Sunday, Sept. 18.—Topic—Returning good for evil. Gen. xlv., 4-11.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.



Can't Keep Up Both.

A gentleman who was travelling, being delayed at a railway junction, entered into conversation with a care-worn lady who with three small children, also was waiting for a train. This was part of what was said:

'Where are you going, madam?'

'To my father's at ——. I have not been home since I was married. I did think that I would never go back to my people, but I am going back to stay.'

'Is your husband dead?'

'No, sir; but he spends all he makes for liquor, and I can't make a living for him, the children, and myself. My father wrote me if I would come home he and my brothers would take care of me and the children. I hate to go back this way, but I can't keep up a home and the saloons both. When I married him my husband was a fine business man, and had a good position. Now he works about at anything to get money to buy whiskey with. He don't seem to care anything for me now, or his children, either. I wish the men would not vote for saloons, that break up homes!'

'Two things,' said the gentleman who relates this story, 'rang in my ears for days and weeks, and the pathetic face of that wronged woman haunts me by day and by night to this hour: "I can't keep up a home and the saloons both." "I wish the men would not vote for saloons that break up our homes." That face and those two sentences have forever made me an enemy to the saloon. Till I deliberately came to this conclusion I felt that I did not want to meet a good woman face to face. I sometimes hear men who boast of their chivalry talking about their "personal liberty" when advocating the sale of liquor and wonder whether they really know what "chivalry" is; and whether they think anybody in this country has any rights except themselves and other men who want to drink whiskey. Chivalry lies, not in honeyed words of rhetoric, nor in rounded sentences, but in heroic deeds of protection for the defenceless. No man who advocates a business which separates families in disgrace and breaks up homes knows anything about "chivalry," no difference what he may think of himself. He may be a very clever man in many respects, but as long as he champions or votes for the saloon business he will never demonstrate his claims to chivalry. This is my judgment; and I have relatives on the wrong side of the saloon question.'

There are women by thousands who have found it impossible to 'keep up the home and the saloon both.' Have you helped to make this condition? Where is your chivalry? When Pericles, the great orator statesman, was dying, he said: 'The one thing of which I am proudest is that no Athenian ever put on mourning on my account.' Can the man who votes for saloons say as much and tell the truth? Can you say it?—'Baptist Standard.'

Modern Vices.

An English physician, who had been out of England for some years, having seen in the 'Daily Mail' a letter from M. R. C. S. deploring the deterioration noticed among young men of the present day, wrote to the editor as follows:—

'On my return to London recently after an absence in remote foreign parts for several years, nothing has impressed and surprised me so much as the signs of physical deterioration which are so conspicuous in the average young man of the upper and middle classes of to-day.

'I saw some indications of this before I went away, but since that time those who were then boys are now young men, and in this new generation of youths the physical decline is most apparent to any observant mind.

'On the other hand, I have been much impressed by the great physical development which has taken place in the average young woman of to-day. I saw premonitory signs of this also before I left England, and predicted that the rising generation of young women would physically far outstrip that of the young men, and my anticipations have been more than fulfilled.

'Our perceptions are apt to become dulled and blunted by habit, and we do not notice the changes going on around us which a new eye and a fresh mind will instantly perceive. Now what is the cause of this physical deterioration among modern young men that does not affect young women?

'It must unquestionably be ascribed, as your correspondent, "M. R. C. S." points out, to the habits of excessive drinking and smoking so prevalent among youths of to-day, especially the habit of cigarette smoking, which by its constant indulgence keeps up a continuous stimulation and corresponding depression of the organism, with resulting impairment of vigor and vitality. Nothing struck me more when I came to London than the way young men of all classes are perpetually smoking at all hours of the day, and it is this facility which the cigarette affords for frequent smoking that makes it so baneful in its effects—just as dram-drinking.

'I do not eschew alcohol and tobacco myself, but forbid them to my patients, and I agree with "M. R. C. S." that medical men should show more courage in the denunciation of these minor vices of life.'

Drinking Among Women.

An article in 'The Queen' dealing with the subject of 'Drink' says:—'The greatest curse of the suburbs is drink. A well-known general practitioner with a large practice in a fashinoable suburb says:—"These grocers' licenses are responsible for more demoralization than anything I know. I see it every day of my life. The husbands are off to town in the morning, and the women, having completed their household duties, with no particular object in hand for the rest of the day, settle themselves down with a bottle of port wine, sherry, whiskey, or gin that has come in from the grocer's with the things ordered that morning. I don't say they get drunk—it would be very much better if they did, for that would be found out and stopped; but a certain class of housewife is continually having nips. In herself, she is a highly respectable, domesticated woman, that sort of woman who would not dream of entering a public-house, yet who not only does not mind ordering spirits from the grocer, but will even when occasion arises bring home the seductive bottle under her cloak or in her muff. No one has the smallest idea of the amount of harm done by this kind of nipping except the general practitioner who is constantly brought face to face with its dangers."'

The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to its paler brother:
'Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I rule in might,
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his youth a barren waste.

Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, "Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
And your might and power are over all."
Ho, ho! pale brother,' laughed the wine,
'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?'

Said the water glass: 'I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that once were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain;
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.'

These are tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table rim to rim.

General Booth's Views on Licensing.

The 'Daily News' states that, in answer to a correspondent, General Booth said the licensing question lay in a nutshell. 'I have never heard it denied,' he said, 'that the over-use of intoxicating liquor is a cause of a vast amount of poverty, vice, and crime. The consumption of drink is just in proportion to the facilities for getting it. Therefore, if you can by any reasonable methods restrict these facilities, do it. If you won't go so far as to do it on local option lines, leave to your Magistrates as much power as you reasonably can. At any rate, don't let us lessen these powers.'—'Temperance Leader.'

Whiskey is sometimes given to pups to stunt their growth and turn them into great 'freaks.' The young man hoping for the highest possible mental and physical development should think seriously of this when tempted to drink.

Are you a 'Tot'?

The Bishop of London, speaking at a reception recently, described his experiences at a gasworks in the East End.

It was not, said his lordship, an easy thing to do. A paper called 'The Freethinker' was being read aloud during the time that he gave his speech, and the reader did not stop until he asked him if that was the way to treat a gentleman when he came to speak to them.

Another man, when he was about to speak, said, 'Stop, Governor.' He replied, 'Well, my man, what is it?' 'Are you a tot?' He did not suppose that anyone in that room knew what a 'tot' meant; well, it was a teetotaller, and he replied, 'Yes, mate, I am.' 'Well, then,' said the man, 'go on, for if you weren't I wouldn't listen to you.'—'Christian Age.'

Hugh Miller's Testimony.

Hugh Miller, in his work, entitled 'My Schools and Schoolmasters,' referring to his fellow-workmen at Niddry, says, 'Mere intelligence formed no guard amongst them against intemperance and licentiousness;' and further, Dr. Wilson, of Edinburgh, in the preface to his work entitled 'The Pathology of Drunkenness,' says, 'the uneducated are not the sole victims of intemperance.'—'Temperance Leader.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

Moorehead.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write a letter to the 'Messenger.' I am not very old, but I have travelled over a good part of the world. I came from Glasgow, Scotland. My mother died when I was four years old, and my father worked in the coal-mine, and got his back hurt by a stone falling on it. It was not properly attended to, and as he went on working, trying to support us, it turned to disease of the spine. During the time he was sick I was taken away from home by a kind lady, Miss C., who took me and put me in the Children's Home in Stirling. Then Mr. D. took me to Liverpool. I was in Liverpool for some time, then Mrs. B. sent me to Knowlton. I was ten days crossing the sea. When I came to Knowlton they found a home for me here, where I have stayed for five years. I have a good home, and all are kind and good to me. I have three sisters and two brothers older than myself except one sister. I am eleven years old. I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and I think it is a very nice paper, especially the Temperance.

JAMES H.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have two grandpas and two grandmas. My grandpa C. is ninety years old, and my grandma C. is eighty-six; they are both quite healthy for that age. For pets I have a horse named Dentie; he came from a ranch out in Manitoba, but he is very quiet, and I can go around with him anywhere; also a dog named Fido and a cat called Minnie. I like Dentie the best of them all. I have two sisters, but no brothers. My sisters' names are Eva Alice and Jessie Eleanor. My birthday is on May 8.

CORA M. C. (aged 13).

Echo Vale, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. My birthday is on May 23. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. I have five sisters and three brothers. I like to read very much. I will name some of the books I have read: 'Three People,' 'Amy Harrison,' 'Waiting for the Morning,' 'Mabel, or the Bitter Root,' and many others. We can see a beautiful lake from our house, and the nearest village also. My mother came from Scotland when she was nineteen. So all her brothers and sisters are over there. Her mother cannot walk. She is the only one of my grandparents that is alive. I go to the day-school every day that I am not sick. My teacher's name is Mrs. I. H. R. I go to church and to Sunday-school as often as I can. Our minister's name is Mr. MacL.

E. A. MacL.

Burlington, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I have often thought of writing to the 'Messenger,' but neglected doing so. My father is a farmer, and we live about five miles from any village. The English Church, of which I am a member, and also the school, are about a mile from our place. We had our church repaired this spring, and a new chancel built onto it, which proved to be quite an improvement. It was re-opened on July 17. I noticed a letter in the last paper from Beatrice E., Vancouver, B.C. She was an old school-mate of mine. I hope she will write again. I will close for this time, but will write again.

MARGARET J. M.

Barb, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My home is in the County of Bruce, in the town of Port Elgin. I am at present visiting at Barb. I would not like to live in the country all the time, but I don't mind staying there for a while. My uncle, just across the fields, milks twenty cows. I enjoy reading. I have read the following books: 'Black Beauty,' 'Masterman Ready,' 'Fast in the Ice,' and a few others. I do not think that most boys like to write, but I do. I saw a letter from North Bruce, which is nine miles from Port Elgin.

JUSTIN B.

St. Martin's, N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I always enjoy reading the letters which appear in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would contribute by sending one. We have had many visitors in our beautiful village for the past few months, but the summer is waning, and many are returning to their homes, all agreeing that there is no prettier summer resort than St. Martin's, situated on the beautiful Bay of Fundy. Four years, on May 30 last, this village was visited by a destructive fire, and many fine trees, as well as homes, were burned. Many of the houses have been rebuilt, but it will take many years before the trees will be what they were before the fire. Strangers would not notice it like the natives who have made their homes elsewhere, and sometimes return to the scenes of their youth. Years ago, when wooden ships were in demand, St. Martin's did a thriving business along that line, but now there is scarcely the sound of a hammer to disturb the sleepy stillness of the pretty village nestling between the hills and the bay. We have a daily train nine months of the year, and a daily mail the year round.

B. J. O.

Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I am a new subscriber to the 'Messenger,' and like it very well. I live on a farm eight miles from Lawrence. I have three pet squirrels, a dog and three cats. My dog is a large black shepherd dog, and his name is Bruce. I have taught him many tricks. I go to school in the winter. We have seven months' school, and I am in the seventh grade. We have seven lessons in school, as follows: reading, spelling, arithmetic, writing, grammar, physiology and geography. We live near the Kansas River, and I go fishing very often. I wonder if any other boy's birthday is on the same date as mine, Feb. 9. I am twelve years old.

WINFRED T.

Scotsburn, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl four years old, and have got the 'Messenger' for a year, and I am very glad when it comes home.

LILLIE R.

Kinde, Mich.

Dear Editor,—Seeing my first letter in print, I thought I would attempt to write again. I like the 'Messenger' better every time I read it, and I do not know what little boy or girl would not. Especially so when they can have the privilege of having a little corner of their own. I go to the M. E. Sunday-school, and attend church almost every Sunday. I am very anxious for the school to start again, as we have three months' vacation. We like our teacher very much. He was our teacher last year. We made him a present of a very pretty cuff and collar-box and a bottle of perfume. I am very fond of reading, and it is so nice in the winter, when we can get books from our school library, and enjoy the cosy corner which we have in our house.

GRACE L. P.

Jacksonville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. My birthday is on April 6. I go to the school, and my teacher's name is Mr. G. Our school commenced on Aug. 29. We had eight weeks' vacation. I am in the third book. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school.

BESSIE M. S.

Snow Road.

Dear Editor,—Snow Road is a very nice place. There is one church, one school and one blacksmith's shop here. There was a picnic here on Thursday. It was a good one. The church got it up. We have nineteen cows, two old pigs and young ones, two horses, nine or ten calves, and some other year olds. I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on Apr. 28. I like reading the 'Messenger' very much. I read the Children's Page first and read the letters. My papa keeps a store, and I stay in it while they are milking. We have a hired girl and three hired men, and they are working in the hay. We send our milk to the factory. I was away for a visit, and I saw Lower Canada, five steamboats and one of the mountains in Quebec. One of my brothers milks, and I do sometimes. I go to school, and am in the third book. My teacher's name is Miss Berry.

S. MAY W.

New Lowell, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on the Beaver Meadow Farm about four miles from the village of New Lowell. There are a dozen of us altogether, counting my parents and the hired man. I have been book-keeping in New Lowell for over a year, and like it very much. Mother comes out to the village every Thursday, and I go home every Saturday. My sister Isabella has taken the 'Messenger' for some time, and says she couldn't do without it. Mother has a couple of incubators and brooders for raising chickens, and has good luck with her chicks.

ETHEL C.

Make it a rule and pray to God to help you keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say: 'I have made one human being, at least, a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.—Charles Kingsley.

Love Never Faileth.

There is an Oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. Both wished to perform a deed whose memory should not fail, but which, as the years rolled on, might sound their name and praises far abroad. Omar, with wedge and rope, lifted a great obelisk and its base, carving its form in beautiful devices, and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its sides. He set it in the hot desert to cope with its gales. Ahmed, with a deeper wisdom, and truer though sadder heart, digged a well to cheer the sandy waste, and planted about it tall date palms to make cool shade for the thirsty pilgrim, and shake down fruits for his hunger. And these two deeds, says the one who tells the story, illustrate two ways in either of which we may live. We may think of self and worldly success and fame, living to make a name splendid as the tall sculptured obelisk, but as cold and useless to the world. Or we may make our life like a well in the desert, with cool shade about it, to give drink to the thirsty, and shelter and refreshment to the weary and faint. How much better it is to be loving than famous! How much more glorious than to have a fame which, like the great Sphinx, will finally fade and wear away, is it to give forth from a fountain of love, a stream of helpfulness that shall never fail!—'Sunday-School Times.'

Brighten Up.

A widow went into a photographer's to have her picture made. She was seated before the camera wearing the same stern, hard, forbidding look that had made her an object of fear to the children living in the neighborhood, when the photographer, his head out of the black cloth, said suddenly, 'Just brighten the eyes a little.'

She tried, but the dull, heavy look still lingered.

'See here,' the woman retorted sharply, 'if you think that an old lady that is dull can look bright, that one who feels cross can become pleasant every time she is told, you do not know anything about human nature. It takes something from the outside to brighten the eye and illuminate the face.'

'Oh, no, it doesn't! It is is something to be worked from the inside. Try it again,' said the photographer, good-naturedly.

Something in his manner inspired faith and she tried again, this time with better success.

'That's good! That's fine! You look twenty years younger!' exclaimed the artist, as he caught the transient glow that illuminated the faded face.

She went home with a queer feeling in her heart. It was the first compliment she had received since her husband had passed away, and it left a pleasant memory behind. When she reached her little cottage, she looked long in the glass, and said: 'There may be something in it, but I'll wait and see the picture.'

When the picture came, it was like a resurrection. The face seemed alive with the fires of youth. She gazed long and earnestly, then in a firm, clear voice, 'if I could do it once, I can do it again.'

Approaching the little mirror above her bureau, she said, 'Brighten up, Catherine,' and the old light flashed up once more.

'Look a little pleasanter!' she commenced, and a calm and radiant smile diffused itself over her face.

Her neighbors soon remarked the change that had come to her.

'Why, Mrs. A., you are getting younger! How do you manage it?'

'It is almost all done from the inside. You just brighten up inside and feel pleasant.'—'Missionary Review.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Bribing Children.

Rewards promised for every little duty done, or used as a stimulus for good conduct, is likely to do much harm in the training of the child. True, it is often easier for the mother to 'hire' her child to 'be good' than to seek to secure her aim by measures which call for patience, explanations and perhaps the telling of some story which shall illustrate why a certain thing should or should not be done. But this practice of bribery has most evil effects. Soon the child comes to consider a bribe among his rights, and expects to be paid for good behaviour every time. Indeed, if he is at all shrewd he will soon act 'naughty' on purpose to be hired to be good. Then he will enjoy his ill-gotten gains without having any conscience in the matter.

If this idea of bribery is never developed in the child's mind it will be discovered that he may be persuaded into proper ways by other means which will redound to his own benefit later on, as well as strengthen the influence of his mother. Teach the child that if he treats his playmates in a kindly manner, sharing with them his playthings or other pleasures, he will gain their affection, which is worth much. If he studies faithfully and learns his lessons he will have gained knowledge, and no child likes to be considered a dunce. If he has work to do and does it also quickly and well, he will have time for play. It is not so hard after all to teach the child the great law of cause and effect if the lessons are presented in a manner equal to his comprehension. But it takes time and thought, and must be continuous and never-failing in application.

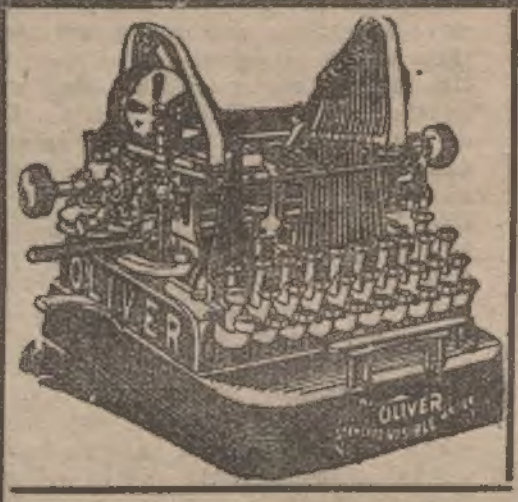
Then there is another reward which may be safely held out to the child—that of a kind and appreciative word given when a task is completed, or good conduct been evident. 'I thank you for being such a good and helpful boy to-day,' said a gentle mother one night as she undressed her small child. The boy put his arms about her neck and whispered shyly, 'You is welcome, mamma.' Even these few words of approbation were far better than to have given the little lad a bag of candy for 'being good.' If dainties are to be given do not connect the gift with the idea that it is a reward for good conduct. Let it stand by itself for what it is, something nice to eat, and meantime teach good behaviour as something which brings its own reward, namely, the satisfaction of knowing that one has done the best he knew. The mother who has neglected to take this view of the situation will be surprised at the quickness with which a child will appreciate a kind approval and try to do right for right's sake. Not always, perhaps, but often enough to make it worth while to help him along in the right way.—'Troy Press.'

Household Hints.

Good canary seed with good rape seed is the staple food for canary birds; a very little hemp seed may be added occasionally Sopped bread is good for variety and green food should be given frequently. Dandelion blossoms and thistles going to seed are particularly pleasing to most birds.

If you have ever visited a Chinese laundry and been permitted to catch sight of John at work, you must have seen him using a scrub brush and not his hands to rub soiled places, especially neck and wrist bands. Why not try it in your own laundry, and find out how much less wear there will be on the clothes. Get a medium-size brush that will not tire the hand in using, and be sure it is of good fine fibre.

Bluing for laundry use will be found more satisfactory if made at home. Purchase five cents' worth of soluble blue powder from the druggist, dissolve in cold wated, then pour on sufficient hot water to give the strength you wish, trying a little of it in a basin of water. When the liquid cools, bottle immediately and keep well corked. Should too much hot water have been added, remedy the matter by using a greater quantity of bluing to a tubful of water.



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